

Dancing with the devil.

by Nightbird

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Summary: Implied m/m slash!!!! Spike remembers part of his past.

Dancing with the devil.

Title: Dancing with the Devil.
>Author: Nightbird.
Distribution: SHL, anyone with my permission, otherwise ask.
>Disclaimer: Joss owns them, I just like to play god with their universe.
Couple: A/S - implied M/M slash - don't read if that offends you!
>Rating: PG - 15, I guess. Dunno. language and themes.
Summary: Spike remembers part of his past.
>Notes: Exams draw near, this is most probably the last fic for a month or
so. Exams mess with my mind. Also my first attempt at slash-y type fic. I am
>a serious ASS (Angel Sired Spike) supporter so don't bother telling me it
was Dru.
>Feedback: would make my night a little warmer. Flames will be mocked and
deleted.
>Dedication: Stryx, Soul', Gunbunny, Omega H and Megan.
To Tairis who's most likely to have kittens with this, just remember T, I'm

>never sweet & innocent. To the Slash Goddesses - Gunbunny, Omega H, Odie,
Cathryn & Saber Shadowkitten.
>
Pass me that beer and I'll tell you a story. Who's the story about? A
>dashing young man and the devil with the face of an angel that seduced him.
Yes, you're correct, 'tis Angelus and myself.

>
I can still remember the night I was sired. It was a beautiful night, the
>moon was high and I was flushed with success, my pockets jangling with
weight of stolen coins. I'm quite the pickpocket, smooth tongued and quick
>fingered. It never bothered me whether I picked up a young gent or a

shy
maiden for a night of pleasure but I digress. I was doing well, the picking
>were rich and I was cocky, a little too cocky you could say.

>I was riding high on my success when I made the mistake of deciding to
relieve an Irish man of his wallet. The mistake that was to change the

>course of my life. I managed attract his attention, Angelus was always one
for a pretty face and he bought me a drink. I could read his intentions a

>mile away. He had a pretty blonde thing with him but she didn't seem to mind
him picking me up, hell, she seemed to enjoy it.

>
I spent an entertaining evening drinking with him and we both retired to

>bed. He's a wonderful lover, slow and tender or fast and hard, I didn't
care. He was unusually cold though.After we'd both given into lust and the

>bed was rumpled and we had scratches trailing down our backs he pulled me
close and fell asleep. I'm not normally one to stick around, it tends to go something

>along the lines of have sex, nick wallet or jewels and leave my victims to
their slumber, but this was different I didn't want to move.

>
I ended up waiting till he rolled away from me. I felt so cold when he did.

>Strangely enough I never noticed his heart didn't beat, but I guess the
drink had addled my brain. I slipped out of bed and picked up his forgotten

>clothes from their places scattered around the room, searching for that
wallet I'd seen when he'd paid for the many rounds of drinks. I don't

>remember much after that. I guess he wasn't really asleep. His hand
connected with my face and I saw myself from somewhere far away, jerking

>back. He loved to mark me. Show others that I was his. The golden boy.

>Then silence. He was just holding me, I could feel his arms around me, my
back pressed against his chest. I was strangely comforted. I knew God

>wouldn't save me now. I was dancing with the devil and the waltz would never
end. Sharp teeth grazed my neck and I could feel the ridges of his true face

>against my neck. It didn't hurt much, I was still floating above the two of
us when those teeth, the ones that brought me such pleasure sunk themselves

>into my neck. The blood was leaving me along with my life. Memories passed
though my mind, Mama, dying slowly from typhoid, Papa, the day before the

>mine collapsed.

>Angel of death and his willing victim, what a picture we must have made.
Eternal light against the dark but the light would become tarnished over

>time, the dark would see to that. He forced my mouth open, holding his
bleeding wrist to it. I automatically suckled at it, the dull, copper tang

>of his blood passing down my throat, ironically, some of that blood is my
own. It's last thing I remembered before the darkness took over and any

>remaining life fled this empty body.

>When I woke up we were in a carriage, I was jolted upright a dull,

gnawing
hunger deep in me. He fed me, not many sires do that it
cause siphons off
>some of their power. The blonde from the bar was there. She seemed
proud of
him and me. Anything we did after that was tainted with
blood and darkness.
>It's a wonderful life, no rules, lots of killing and great sex.

>And still the waltz plays on, the two of us dancing, never
stopping.
Remember you never stop when you dance with the devil.

>

End
file.